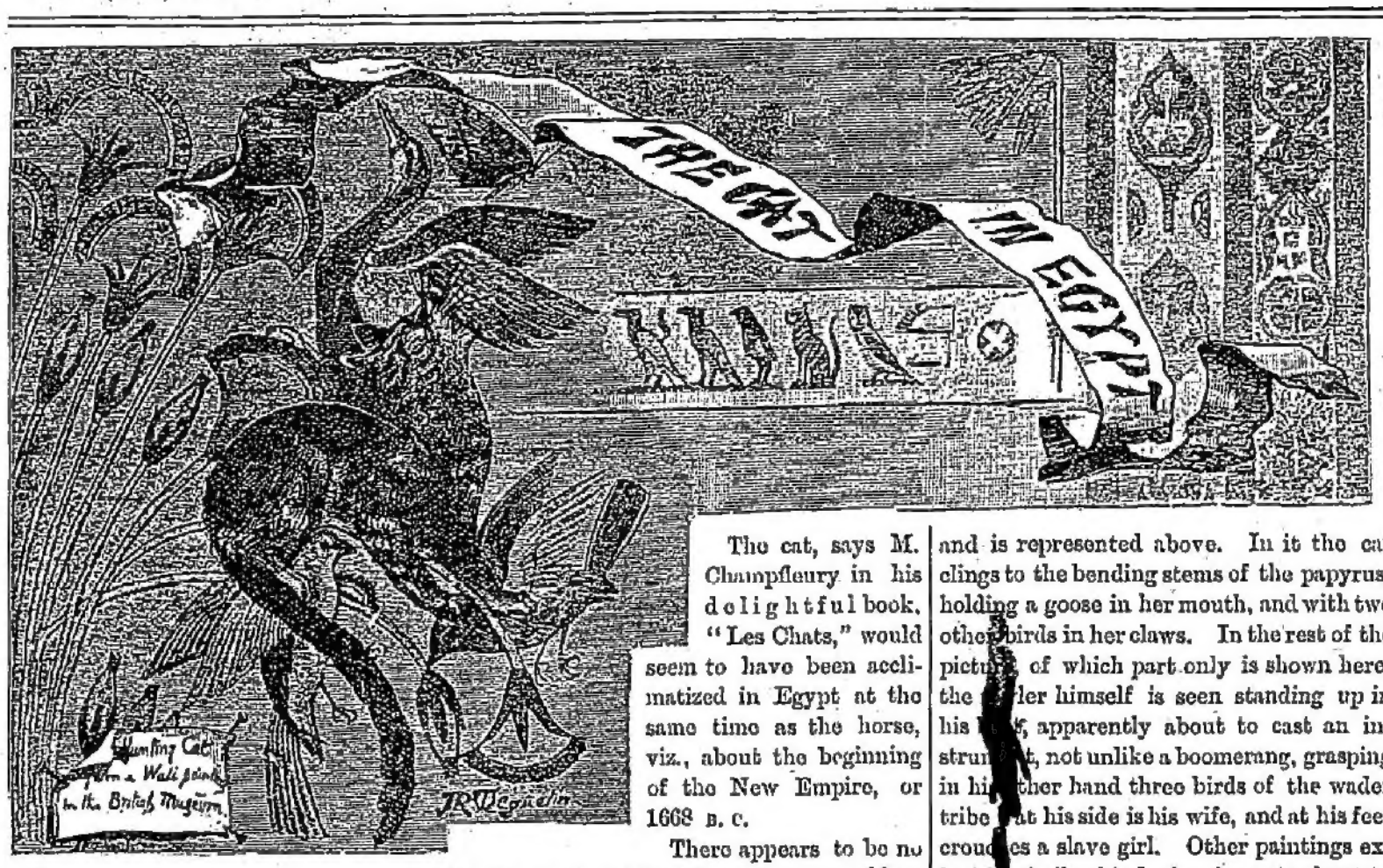
NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIV. No. 5. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1889. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.



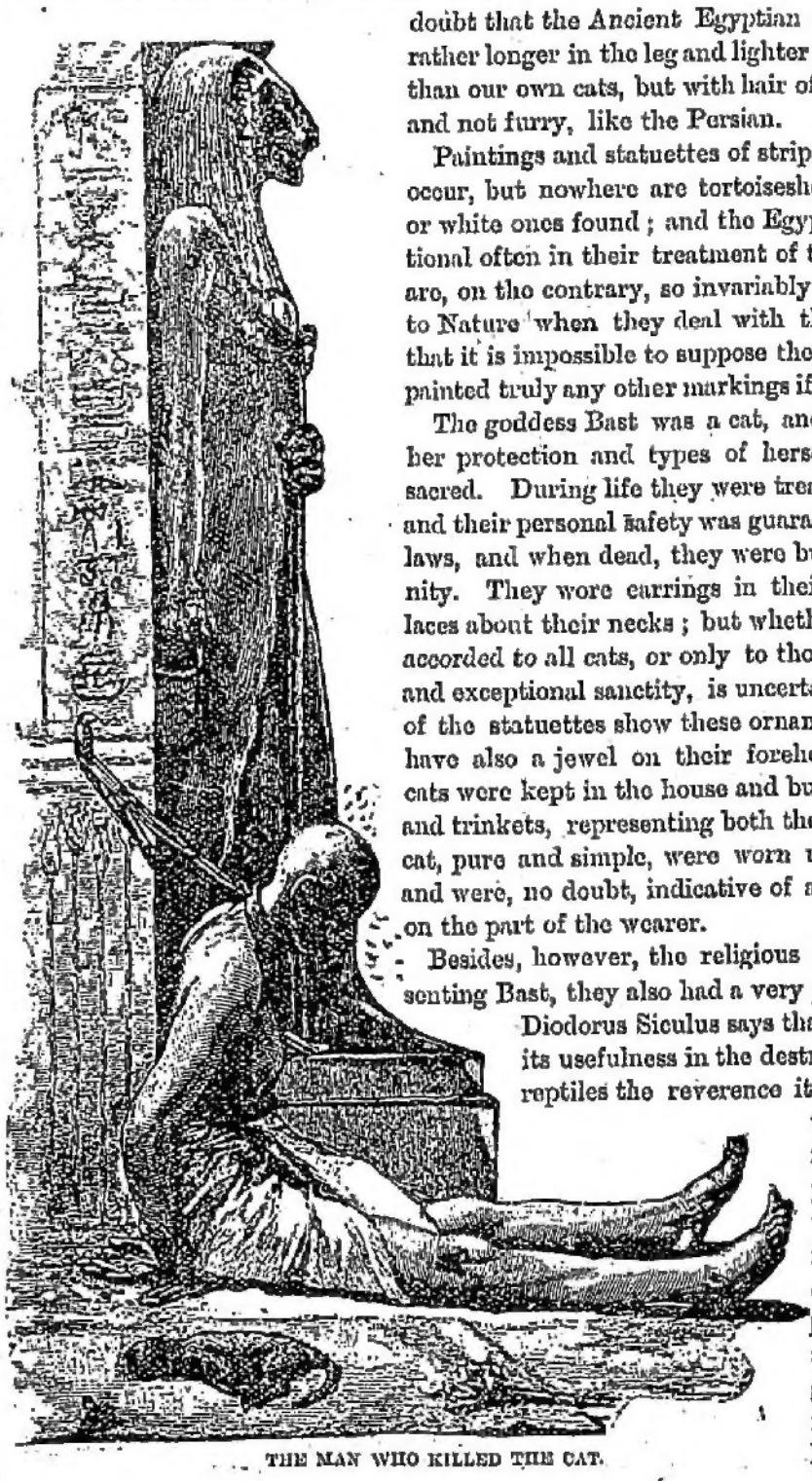
The cat, says M. Champfleury in his delightful book, "Les Chats," would seem to have been acclimatized in Egypt at the same time as the horse, viz., about the beginning of the New Empire, or 1668 B. C.

There appears to be no doubt that the Ancient Egyptian cat was a tabby; rather longer in the leg and lighter in color, perhaps, than our own cats, but with hair of the same length, and not furry, like the Persian.

Paintings and statuettes of striped cats frequently occur, but nowhere are tortoiseshell or plain black or white ones found; and the Egyptians, so conventional often in their treatment of the human figure, are, on the contrary, so invariably realistic and true to Nature when they deal with the animal world, that it is impossible to suppose they would not have painted truly any other markings if they had existed.

The goddess Bast was a cat, and, as being under her protection and types of herself, all cats were sacred. During life they were treated with respect, and their personal safety was guaranteed by rigorous laws, and when dead, they were buried with solemnity. They wore earrings in their ears and necklaces about their necks; but whether this honor was accorded to all cats, or only to those of high degree and exceptional sanctity, is uncertain, as only some of the statuettes show these ornaments, while some have also a jewel on their foreheads. Figures of cats were kept in the house and buried in the tomb, and trinkets, representing both the goddess and the cat, pure and simple, were worn upon the person, and were, no doubt, indicative of a special devotion on the part of the wearer.

Besides, however, the religious dignity of representing Bast, they also had a very practical use, and Diodorus Siculus says that the cat owed to its usefulness in the destruction of noxious reptiles the reverence it received. They were largely used for sporting purposes, for the capture and retrieving of wild fowl, &c. A beautiful picture of this mode of taking game is to be found in the British Museum, and is represented above. In it the cat clings to the bending stems of the papyrus, holding a goose in her mouth, and with two other birds in her claws. In the rest of the picture, of which part only is shown here, the owner himself is seen standing up in his boat, apparently about to cast an instrument, not unlike a boomerang, grasping in his other hand three birds of the wader tribe. At his side is his wife, and at his feet crouches a slave girl. Other paintings exist of a similar kind, showing cats about to spring into the water after their quarry. This is remarkable, when we recollect the intense hatred of our modern cats to that element, and is, perhaps, evidence in favor of the scientific speculation that the cat was originally a fishing animal.



THE MAN WHO KILLED THE CAT.

The drawing, too, of the battle of the cats and the rats in the Turin Papyrus may be taken as an allegorical allusion to their taste for a more domestic form of sport.

Without examining more closely than can be done here the system, as far as it is known, of Egyptian sun-worship, it would be difficult to show the exact position occupied among the divinities by Bast and her relation to Ptah, or Ra, the sun, but it may suffice to say generally that she was the Egyptian Diana and the goddess of light.

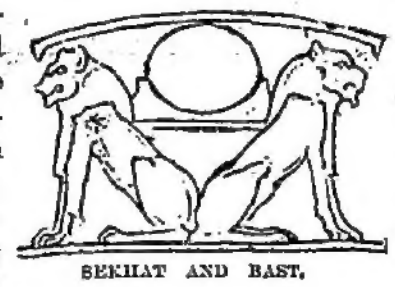
The curious extract given at the side of the page, from an inscription of the XVIIIth Dynasty (the cat decapitating a serpent), typifies the triumph of light over darkness.

Bast was also the evening, while Sekhet, the lion goddess, was the morning. These two are frequently confused, and are represented in statuary under the same form. The large black basalt statues, of which there are so many in the British Museum, both seated and standing, are examples of great interest. They have mostly the disk of lunar divinity above their heads, and the uræus, or Royal asp, above the forehead. The second small drawing shows Sekhet and Bast the beginning and the end of the day, together.

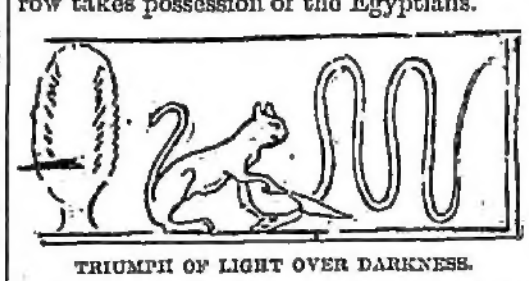
But not only individuals were dedicated to Bast; we know that she had a town of her own, Bubastis, especially devoted to her worship. The site has been recognized in the mound of Tel Basta, east of the delta near the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, and has indeed been recently explored.

Cats were sometimes sent to the sacred city to be buried, especially those that had been venerated in the temples of Bast. So were ibis sent to Hermopolis, the men to Abydus, in order that they might rest in the same grave with Osiris; but this translation of the remains was exceptional, and the result probably of special wishes or devotion.

The father of history, Herodotus, has something to tell us about cats. He says:—"When a house caught fire the only thought of the Egyptians was to preserve the lives of their cats. Ranging themselves, therfore, in bodies round the house, they endeavoured to rescue these animals from the flames, totally disregarding the destruction of the property itself; but notwithstanding all their precautions, the cats, leaping over the heads and gliding between the legs of the bystanders, rushed into the flames as if impelled by Divine agency to self-destruction; and when an accident of this kind happens, a deep sorrow takes possession of the Egyptians.



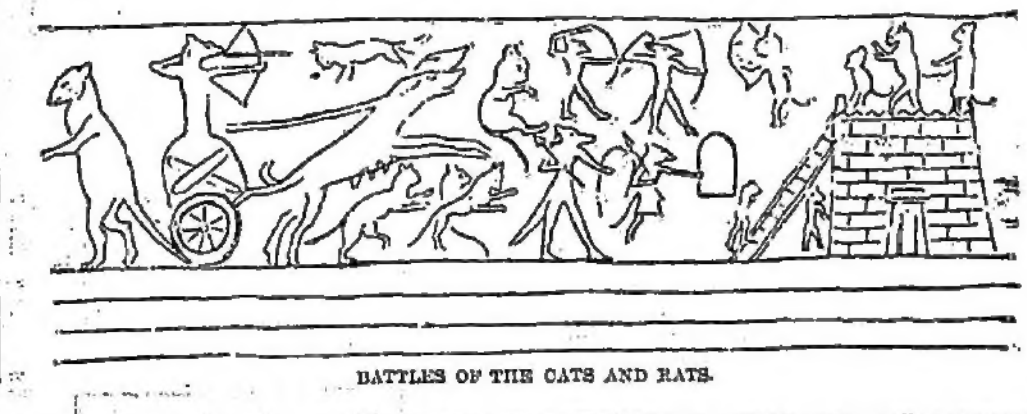
SEKHAT AND BAST.



TRIUMPH OF LIGHT OVER DARKNESS.

"When a cat dies a natural death the people of the house shave off their eyebrows, but if a dog dies they shave the head and the whole body." All the provisions in the house, too, were thrown away, as having become unlawful food.

As we have said, there were some cats



BATTLES OF THE CATS AND RATS.

GALLION QUE
W N Ponder 15289

kept especially for veneration in the temple of Bast, and Herodotus tells us of these and of sacred animals generally, that not only were necessary provisions given them, but luxuries also, which they were incapable of appreciating. They were bathed, anointed, perfumed—they had rich carpets and ornamental furniture. The cats and ichneumons were fed on bread sopped in milk, and on Nile fish cut into strips, and when dead they were embalmed with oil of cedar and aromatic spices.

Diodorus Siculus says that any one who killed a cat or an ibis was condemned to death, and that it was found impossible to save the life even of a Roman citizen who had accidentally committed this offence. When one thinks of the privileges and immunities attached to the title of "Civis Romanus," this is sufficient to show the rigor of the law and the strength of popular feeling.

The populace, indeed, generally lynched the malefactor, without waiting for a form of trial, so that "For fear of such a calamity, if a person found one of these animals dead he stood afar off, and, crying with a loud voice, made every show of grief, and protested that he had found it lifeless." Even in times of famine, when in their extremity they were driven to eat human flesh, the Egyptians preserved their cats.

In the illustration we see an unfortunate cat-slayer chained by the neck under the tall statue of the cat-goddess, her praises, in the usual formula, inscribed at her side. He is pilloried out there in the blazing sun, with the flies (Egyptian flies!) in a cloud round his head and round the body of his victim—the "corpus delicte"—by his side, —an object of execration to all men.

He is stripped of his outer tunic of muslin, of his collar of beads woven in patterns, of his bracelets, of his rings, and, lastly, of his wig, for the ancient Egyptian, as a rule, shaved his head as clean as a croquet-ball, and wore, at least in the higher class, a most elaborate *coiffure*—on the top and as far as the ears the wig was a thick mass of curls, and below, down to the shoulders, hung a close row of small plaited tails.

The mummy cat is a grotesque object; with its shrunken features, tightly swathed in cloth, it has an oddly human look; and in the collection in the British Museum may be seen many such caricatures of ourselves.

The swathings of the bodies are of narrow strips of cloth, plaited in patterns, a different one for each mummy.

The colors of the cloth are now two, reddish brown and drab, and the heads in some cases show signs of having been painted.

In some instances the body was enclosed in an outer mummy case, but the honor was most likely reserved for sacred cats. These cases were painted, and divided in half down the centre like a bullet-mould, the head being sometimes separate.

Thebes appears to have been a favorite burying place for cats, and we know already that they were sometimes sent to Bubastis. Dogs, snakes, ibises, cats, ichneumons, and shrew mice have been found buried together in the same pit, but in the animal tombs recently opened the cats were all piled together in one chamber, while another was filled with crocodiles, and a third with ibises, packed each in a jar. A selection is given of the many cat antiquities in the British Museum, which have been discovered in the tombs, &c., and shows both idols of Bast and simple figures of cats.

The love of the cat still lingers in Egypt, and Wilkinson says that in his time every day at the Palace of Cadi and Bazar of Khan Khaleel a free ration was distributed to the cats, and a cat's home is said to exist now, founded by a friendly (or superstitious) soul for the maintenance of old and deserted animals.

It is curious, too, that while a dog is an abomination to a Mussulman, he will allow a cat to feed from the same dish as himself, and to play with his children.

Bast and her worship are dead, but Egypt is still the land of the cat.—*Graphic.*

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MEETINGS.

At the Round Lake Endeavor meeting many brief testimonies were given as to what Christian Endeavor had done to aid church and individual life. These I jotted down as samples:

"Christian Endeavor has given me a stronger desire to study the Word. I get three square meals a day from my Bible." Bible learning and Christian Endeavor living are inseparable.

"The Christian Endeavor movement is pent-up enthusiasm rightly balanced. With our society it was hard to make the start, but we have over one hundred active members to-day, and the spiritual life of the church has increased greatly." That definition is a good one.

"I thank God for Christian Endeavor. Not till I became a member did I feel that my whole duty lay to the church and Christ."

"Before Christian Endeavor came, I was a 'back seat' member. The back seat has no charms for me now. I have found a joy in service such as I never knew in do-nothingism." Christian Endeavor moves the back seat to the front pew.

"Christian Endeavor sets the young people to work right away. The young convert has no chance to drift away, because he is immediately given something to do." Doing alone prevents drifting.

"One of the elders in our church said he wasn't going to bother his brains for something to say when there were so many young people of Christian Endeavor to take part and fill up the time." That was perhaps spoken as a complaint, but what a compliment it was. If Christian Endeavor can restrain prayer-meeting speeches it will work a blessed revolution.

"I find that those who most faithfully keep their pledge are the most growing Christians in our church." Yes, there is no doubt of that.

"Christian Endeavor has shown me that Christ has a work for every one of his followers to do, and brought me nearer to Christ."

"As a pastor, I want to express my thanks for the Christian Endeavor Society in my church. For one thing, it has made our old people's meeting younger, and tends to keep us older ones young in spirit and service." This excellent word is from the pastor of one of the largest Methodist churches in Albany. And the same thing is true wherever the young people's zeal and work are received in the right way, and encouraged.

It seemed to me that these were valuable testimonies, coming as they did, swiftly and spontaneously, in the few moments allotted to this part of the hour's service. Those who think Christian Endeavor breeds simply a parrot-talk meeting should reflect and see if the parrot got into any of these words. Then, in about ten minutes, some fifty verses of Scripture were quoted, all appropriate and expressive of the heart, experience, or aspiration.—*The Outlooker in the Golden Rule.*

MEMBERSHIP AND OBLIGATION.

BY DORCAS HICKS.

"Can you go fishing to-day?"

"Well yes, I'll go. The 'Cheerful Workers' meet this afternoon, and I took a question to answer, but I guess they'll get along without me."

"Oh, Annie, how are you? You are going to the society, I suppose. I'm afraid we are late."

"I am not going to-day. I have almost finished that table-cover I have been working at so long, and I just ran out to get another skein of silk so as to get it done to-night—I am so tired of it."

"Aren't you going to the manager's meeting of the asylum to-day?"

"I think not. I want to see about a spring bonnet this morning, and, besides, they always discuss so many things that I don't know or care about."

"I suppose I shall see you at the committee meeting this afternoon."

"No, I don't think you will. The chairman bores me, and Jones riles me, and I want to go out of town early. Settle things any way you like, and let me know some time what you do."

"Where are you going to church to-day?"

"Where? Why, to my own church, of course. Why should I go elsewhere?"

"Oh, I didn't know. I usually look in the papers to see if any distinguished man is to preach in town, and if there is I go to hear him. Any way, I like a change once in a while."

"But you're a member of —— church, aren't you?"

"O, yes."

Have you heard people say things like these, good reader? And did it ever strike you that upon even Christian people obligations seem to sit very lightly? Beginning in childhood, up through youth and womanhood or manhood, aye, and into Christian maturity, this sense of responsibility is largely wanting. Membership in a band, society, board, church, means far less than it should. How differently would the work of the world and of the church be done if everywhere those who unite together to do it would regard such association as something binding, something involving duty and accountability! There would then be less careless administration of affairs by those to whom as associations they are entrusted, and therefore less opportunity for wrong-doing by those employed by them.

In old times when the law of God was to be made a living thing, and its obligations constantly realized, the people were told to "bind it about their necks," "bind it upon their fingers" and "write it on the table of their hearts." Is not this something the way in which duty assumed, membership entered into, should rest upon heart and head and hand, especially in these days of multiplied organizations and associations? It would seem that if such time and thought and care cannot be given, the invitation to membership should be declined.

Let the children be taught that to be a member of any thing means some active, earnest obligation towards that thing. If by any means this principle can be rooted in the child, it will grow up into faithful, steadfast fulfilling of duty and meeting of responsibility in the man or woman.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

The following suggestive card is neatly printed and sent out to each of the members, by one of the most successful and aggressive churches in the state of New York:

MY DUTY TO MY CHURCH.	Pray for her pastor. Co-operate with the Session. Attend her services. Practise her teachings. Pray for her prosperity. Contribute to her current expenses and benevolent objects. Work for her success. Cordially greet her members Invite others to her Services. Welcome strangers.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—MARCH 24.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.—Mark 10: 46-52.

COMMIT VERSE 51, 52.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou son of David, have mercy on me.—Mark 10: 48.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

All who go to Jesus in faith shall find salvation.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 10: 32-45.
T. Mark 10: 46-52.
W. Matt. 20: 29-34.
Th. Luke 18: 35-43.
F. Luke 19: 1-11.
Sa. John 1: 1-18.
Su. John 9: 1-41.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

46. *Jericho:* (see Place) then a large and flourishing city. *Great number:* Jericho was full of people, who were going up to Jerusalem to attend the passover. Sometimes 2,000,000 people came up to Jerusalem. Jericho was on one of the highways from Galilee. *Bartimeus: Bar* is an Aramaic word for *son*, Timeus being the name of the father. 47. *Son of David: i. e.*, the expected Messiah. 48. *Hold his peace:* they did not want him to intrude on the Master, who was soon to be proclaimed as the Messiah. They imagined they were pleasing Jesus. 50. *Garment:* the loose blanket, or cloak, worn over the tunic, or shirt. He laid aside whatever hindered his quick going. 51. *Lord:* or, as in new version, *Rabboni*, a title of special honor. 52. *Go thy way:* Jesus allows Bartimeus to express aloud his admiration and joy. The time for cautious measures is past. *Thy faith:* shown, (1) by seeing Jesus as the Messiah, (2) by going to him, (3) by perserving against opposition, (4) by casting aside hinderances, (5) by following Christ. *Hath made thee whole:* complete, wanting nothing that belongs to a perfect body. The sinner is never "whole"; he is *incomplete, imperfect,* wanting.

SUBJECT: A PARABLE OF REDEMPTION.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE BLIND BEGGAR, ILLUSTRATING THE SOUL'S NEED (v. 46).—How did Jesus come to be at Jericho? Who accompanied him? Whence came such crowds? Who sat by the wayside? Tell all you can about him. What does one lose by being blind? What other troubles did he have besides blindness? In what respects is a sinner like a blind man? (1 Cor. 2: 14; John 3: 19, 20; Eph. 4: 18; 1 John 4: 8.) In what other respects is he poor like a beggar? (Eph. 2: 8, 9, 12.)

II. JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY (v. 47).—Who came near where Bartimeus was sitting? How did he know who it was? (Luke 18: 36, 37.) How could he have known that Jesus could help him? In what ways may Jesus be said to be passing near us? How do you know that he can save you?

III. SEEKING SALVATION FROM JESUS (vs. 47, 48.) FIRST. FROM THE RIGHT SOURCE. What did Bartimeus do when he learned that Jesus was near? By what name did he call Jesus? Was this a sign of faith? Why was he not ashamed to go to Jesus so publicly? Are people now sometimes ashamed? Can any but Jesus save us *from* our sins? Will he do it if we do not earnestly ask him?

SECOND. AT THE RIGHT TIME. Did Jesus ever pass through Jericho again?

If Bartimeus had neglected his opportunity, could he ever have had his sight? Is there great danger to us in neglecting the salvation of Jesus?

THIRD. FOR THE RIGHT BLESSING. What did Bartimeus ask for? What is mercy? If God saves us, will it be wholly of mercy?

FOURTH. IN SPITE OF ALL OPPOSITION. Who tried to hinder Bartimeus? Why? Were they Christ's disciples? How did this opposition affect him? Did he thus show his faith? How do people now sometimes hinder others from going to Jesus? What should we do in such cases?

IV. JESUS THE SAVIOUR, THROUGH FAITH (vs. 49-52.)—What did Jesus do when he heard the man's cries? What change now in the action of the multitude? What did Bartimeus do? Why did he cast away his garment? What must the sinner cast away? What did Jesus do? Meaning of "whole"? How did faith make him whole? What five proofs of his faith can you find in this lesson? How does our being saved from sin make us "whole"? How does faith save us? What did Bartimeus do after he was cured? (Luke 18: 43.) What *does this* teach us?

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 31.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.—Isa. 35: 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ has come to transform this world into the kingdom of God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark, chap. 1.
T. Mark, chaps. 2, 3.
W. Mark, chaps. 4, 5.
Th. Mark, chap. 6.
F. Mark, chaps. 7, 8.
Sa. Mark, chap. 9.
Su. Mark, chap. 10.

TIME.—Four years. From the mission of John the Baptist in the summer, A. D. 26 to near the close of the ministry of Christ, March, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—Chiefly Galilee, especially the towns around the northern end of the lake. The wilderness of Judea; the region of Cesarea Philippi, the country of the Gadarenes; Peræa, and Jericho.

PERSONS.—Jesus Christ, 33½ years old at the close of the period. John the Baptist, beheaded in March, A.D. 29, aged 33. The twelve apostles; several persons healed; scribes and Pharisees.

ISAIAH.—Isaiah prophesied between 759 and 698, B. C. This chapter was written probably about the 14th year of Hezekiah, king of Judah, B.C. 712.

SUBJECT: THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE BOOK WE STUDY.—Which book of the Bible have we been studying this last quarter? Who wrote it? How many chapters has it? What else can you tell about it?

II. THE LAND.—What country was the scene of Christ's labors? Into what three great divisions was it divided? In which of these three did most of our lessons take place? Name the chief river; the chief lake; the principal cities where Christ worked miracles and taught.

III. THE FORERUNNER (Less. 1).—Give the leading facts about John the Baptist. Where did he preach? How did he prepare the way for Jesus?

IV. THE FACTS OF CHRIST'S LIFE.—Where was Jesus born? When? In what place was most of his early life spent? How long was his ministry? What was his age at the time of our lessons?

MIRACLES. How many miracles are described in the lessons of this quarter? Why did Jesus work miracles? How would they prove that he was from God? How would they show his character and his love for men?

What miracle was wrought for an apostle's family? (Less 2.) Describe the leper's cure (Less. 3.) How was the paralytic restored? (Less. 4.) Give an account of the demoniac's salvation. (Less. 6.) What woman obtained a great blessing through faith? (Less. 7.) Describe the cure of Bartimeus.

TEACHINGS. What do the miracles teach us about faith? What do they teach us about the character of Christ? What is the first recorded parable of Jesus? (Less. 5.) What did it teach? What did Jesus teach by means of little children? (Less. 10, 11.) What lesson from the story of a young ruler? (Less. 11.) What did Jesus teach about ambition? about forgiveness? about eternal life? about bearing the cross? Which do you consider the most important lesson of the quarter?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1889.)

6. Feb. 10.—The Fierce Demoniac.—Mark 5: 1-20.
7. Feb. 17.—The Timid Woman's Touch.—Mark 5: 25-34.
8. Feb. 24.—The Great Teacher and the Twelve.—Mark 6: 1-13.
9. Mar. 3.—Jesus the Messiah.—Mark 8: 27-38; 9: 1.
10. Mar. 10.—The Childlike Spirit.—Mark 9: 33-4
11. Mar. 17.—Christ's Love to the Young.—Mark 10: 13-22.
12. **Mar. 24.—Blind Bartimeus.—Mark 10: 46-52.**
13. **Mar. 31.—Review, Missions and Temperance.—Eph. 5: 15-21.**

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A STRIKE.

Once upon an evening dreary,
As I pondered, sad and weary,
O'er the basket with the mending from the wash the day before;
As I thought of countless stitches
To be placed in little breeches,
Rose my heart rebellious in me, as it oft had done before,
At the fate that did condemn me, when my daily task was o'er,
To that basket evermore.

John, with not a sign or motion,
Sat and read the *Yankee Notion*,
With no thought of the commotion
Which within me rankled sore.
"He," thought I, "when day is ended,
Has no stockings to be mended,
Has no babies to be tended,
He can sit and read and snore;
He can sit and read and rest him;
Must I work thus evermore?"
And my heart rebellious answered,
"Nevermore; no, nevermore."

For though I am but a woman,
Every nerve within is human,
Aching, throbbing, overworked,
Mind and body sick and sore,
I will strike. When day is ended,
Though the stockings are not mended,
Though my course can't be defended,
Safe behind the closet door
Goes the basket with the mending, and I'll haunted be no more.
In the daylight shall be crowded all the work that I will do;
When the evening lamps are lighted, I will read the papers, too.

—*Selected.*

CHILDREN AND TOBACCO.

A young Chicago woman is reported as having been made insane by smoking cigarettes. The *New York Medical Journal*, after describing the evil effect of nicotine on the system, gives these facts:

"In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society and of average health, who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, twenty-seven showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth; thirty-two showed the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, cough and a craving for alcohol; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco within six months one-half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.

"A great majority of men go far beyond what may be called the temperate use of tobacco, and evidences of injury are easily found. It is only necessary to have some record of what the general health was previous to the taking up of the habit, and to have observation cover a long enough time. The history of tobacco in the island of New Zealand furnishes a quite suggestive illustration for our purpose, and one on a large scale. When Europeans first visited New Zealand they found in the native Maoris the most finely developed and powerful men of any of the tribes inhabiting the islands of the Pacific. Since the introduction of tobacco, for which the Maoris developed a passionate liking, they have from this cause alone, it is said, become decimated in numbers, and at the same time reduced in stature and in physical well-being so as to be an altogether inferior type of men."

That men who themselves smoke should allow their growing boys to indulge in the habit is a marvel. That men who have sons and daughters should be willing themselves to smoke is a glaring proof of the weakness and selfishness of human nature, and goes far to prove the doctrine of total depravity.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A HINT TO GIRLS.

At a recent trial for divorce in New York, the wife, who had been a gay, fashionable girl, testified that difficulty first arose between herself and her husband on his discovery, soon after their marriage, that much of her jewellery and bric-a-brac had been given to her by former admirers.

The *Companion* has nothing to do, usually, with cases of divorce or unhappy marriages, but this detail emphasizes a moral which every young girl should take to heart.

The husband, on this point, had right on his side. No man of honorable feeling would be willing to see his wife wear the rings or decorate his house with the costly trifles which had been given to her as tokens of the affection of other men.

In this country, especially in villages and rural communities, it is not uncommon for girls to accept gifts of jewellery, books and ornaments from young men to whom they are not betrothed.

It is not the custom, let us state most emphatically, in that class of our society which is most scrupulous in its deference to the rules of good-breeding and in which young girls are most carefully protected. The man who would offer jewellery or any costly ornament to one of these young girls would be regarded as vulgar and ignorant of the first principles of etiquette.

This principle, like all others which govern good manners, is based on common-sense. No gentlewoman should permit a man who is not her husband, kinsman or affianced lover to place her under a monetary obligation; for the simple reason that such an obligation gives the man a hold upon her which in many cases is dangerous, and in all is unseemly.

A good rule for the guidance of a girl through the years when she is the object of admiration and flattery is to do nothing which she would not be willing to tell now to her mother and hereafter to her husband. Life may be made tamer for her by observing that rule, but it will assuredly be more pure, womanly and safe.—*Youth's Companion.*

TWO HOMES.

I sketch two houses. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal, gratulation, and sympathy, and laughter. Music in the parlor. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well-clad household. Plenty of everything to make home happy.

House the second. Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewellery sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door-bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering steps in the hall. Door opens. Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries, "Out, out! What are you doing here?" Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum imbruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook its fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell!—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

HOW TO SERVE THEM.

Meat and cream soups are generally served with unbuttered bread or squares of toast.

Oyster or clam soup may be accompanied with pickles and crackers.

Vermicelli and kindred soups with grated cheese.

Plain boiled macaroni with drawn butter, sliced cucumbers and potatoes in all ways may be served with fish.

Where a baked or boiled fish is the substantial dish, potatoes, tomatoes and macaroni may be used.

Any and all vegetables are suited to beef and mutton.

Beans or peas should accompany pork.

Peas and tomatoes blend with lamb and sweetbreads. Mushrooms may also be served with sweetbreads.

Corned beef is suited with carrots, turnips, cabbage, kohl-rabi, and may also be garnished with pickled beets.

Boiled rice, stewed celery or cauliflower should be served with boiled fowl, or turkey, with oyster or egg sauce.

Roast chicken may have as a garnish rice croquettes and baked tomatoes; peas and macaroni may be served with it.

Apple sauce or fried apples, sweet and white potatoes and tomatoes will blend with pork.

Roast turkey with cranberry sauce or an acid jelly should be served with potato croquettes, peas, tomatoes and scalloped oysters.

Spinach should be served with lamb or mutton.

Game may be served with sour orange sauce, currant or plum jelly.

French fried or Saratoga potatoes, tomatoes, peas or asparagus tops are suited to game, or they may be served with the salad.

Braised liver may have served with it mashed potatoes, squash, or stuffed egg plant.

Stewed cucumbers, corn, lima beans, peas and tomatoes may be served with almost every kind of meat, but never serve corn with poultry and game, it is too suggestive.

Boiled leg of mutton should be served with caper sauce, boiled rice, cauliflower or stewed cabbage.

Stewed beef should blend with potatoes, succotash, stewed tomatoes or fried cabbage.—*Table Talk.*

WHISKEY DROPS.

In the sacred name of childhood, I appeal to the women of our country. Though not possessed of the burden of suffrage, women rule by the royal right of ability; and whereunto they set their hands, that same is accomplished in legislation by the men whose sisters, mothers and wives are interested. That prohibition has not ere this become a national question, is owing less to man's disinclination than to woman's indifference; therefore 't is that I appeal to the women of our country.

What mother but thinks her boy can not be so tempted by the accursed appetite as to fall, until, too late, she finds manhood a wreck? What sweet-heart but knows her lover to be a king among men, who holds all passions and appetites under strong control? Other men may be weak, she thinks, but he is so strong that she can not worry about temptation, so sure is she that victory will follow.

But, mothers, the saloon-keeper, knowing that an appetite acquired in childhood will struggle for mastery throughout life, has brought forth a new and subtilely dangerous method of recruiting the ranks of his customers in the years to come. Think of the infernal diabolism of using a child's natural taste for sweets to instill a craving for the fiery fluid of hell!

When you drop a penny in the tiny, eager hand, do you ever enquire what kind of candy is bought? Whiskey drops are similar in appearance to the innocent lemon drops, but they differ as widely in effect as lemonade and whiskey-punch. Think of that curly head drooping, of those brave, bright eyes dull and sleepy as the result of whiskey, taken at first for the sake of the candy, but all too soon for the sake of the vile stuff itself.

Is it not time, oh, women of America, that you arise and show the demon of the bottle that childhood must be held sacred? Let every woman interest herself heartily and permanently about this matter, and the evil will soon be overcome.—*Mary P. McArthur, in Housekeeper.*

RECIPES.

FRIED POTATOES.—Remove the peel from an uncooked potato. After it has been thoroughly washed, cut the potato into thin slices and lay them in a pan with some fresh butter; fry gently a clear brown, then lay them one upon the other in a small dish, and send to the table as an *entremet.*

SUGAR-CURED HAMS.—Six pounds salt, two pounds brown sugar, one-half ounce saltpetre, one-fourth ounce black pepper. Rub the meat thoroughly with the mixture, then lay it in tubs. Let it stand two days, then rub it again. Lay it on boards to dry, rubbing it with the mixture once or twice more. In three weeks they will be ready for smoking.

PLUM PUDDING.—Two dozen baker's soft crackers, two and one-half quarts rich milk, two pounds raisins, one and one-half pounds currants, three-fourths pound citron, one-half teaspoon each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon, one teaspoon salt, three teacups sugar, fifteen eggs. Break up the crackers and pour three pints of the milk over them. When they are swelled add the other ingredients. Bake the pudding in a deep dish, and very slowly.

VERMONT YEAST.—Put a tablespoon of cornmeal in a teacup; add two tablespoons new milk, a pinch each of salt and soda, and boiling water till the cup is two-thirds full. For afternoon baking, mix the yeast in the morning; for morning baking, mix it in the evening. Keep it in a warm place till light. It can be set away as long as it does not sour. The sponge will be very light; and the loaves will rise with railway speed. Cousin Kate makes bread with this yeast, by stirring it into warm milk, and adding a little butter and flour until it is as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon; then she pours it into the pans, lets it rise and bakes it at once.

COLORADO BROWN BREAD.—Stir together three pints of warm water, one tablespoon salt, one teacup flour, one-third teacup yeast or one yeast cake softened in warm water, and cornmeal to make a batter that will run from the spoon without dropping in lumps. When it becomes light, stir in one or two well beaten eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful soda dissolved in warm water, one-half teacup molasses, and butter the size of an egg. Put it into well greased pans, let it rise, and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

BREAD PUDDINGS.

BREAD PUDDINGS.—The very name of which is a hated sound in some houses, may be made really nice, and in a variety of ways, with but little more trouble than is required to prepare the uninviting heavy mess so often seen. For the basis, the thing to avoid is lumpiness; just soak the bread (crust or crumb) in water until soft, then squeeze it as dry as possible, and pass it through a colander, or beat out the lumps with a fork; this may then be converted into many kinds for which fresh bread crumbs often form the foundation—such as fig, treacle, lemon, date, etc.,—always remembering that it must be made stiffer; it will yield moisture during the cooking, whereas a pudding made of dry bread requires added moisture.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDINGS.—Half fill your pie-dish with bread and butter, each slice sprinkled with sultana raisins, candied peel cut very small, or grated lemon rind, and, if the flavor is liked, a little spice. Beat up nearly a pint of milk with two eggs and sugar to taste, about two ounces; pour this over the pudding, letting it soak a while; put a few pieces more butter on the top and cover with an old dish or something which fits, until it is about half baked,—in a moderate oven—then remove the cover, and let it brown nicely, but it should not be hard; turn out, dredge with castor sugar, and pour a little plain custard or cream around it. For children a pudding made without butter, except to grease the dish, will be quite rich enough, and a little marmalade is very nice as a substitute for candied peel.

NURSERY PUDDING.—Measure half a pint of soaked bread, beaten as above directed; add one tablespoonful of cornflour, first mixed with half a pint of milk and boiled for a few minutes. Beat the whole until cool, then stir in one egg, spread a little jam at the bottom of a greased pie-dish, pour in the bread mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Alternate layers of the jam and bread mixture make a still nicer pudding, in which case call it, "Jam sandwich pudding."

TREACLE PUDDING.—This is exceptionally wholesome and a general favorite. Mix together four ounces each of bread crumbs, fine oatmeal, and chopped suet; add two ounces of candied peel cut small, two ounces of flour, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice, a pinch of salt, and two eggs beaten up with half a pound of treacle. Mix thoroughly, put it in a well-greased basin, and steam it for at least three hours. Figs, dates, or raisins can be added by way of variety.

COMBINATION ROLY-POLY.—Roll out some suet crust, and spread it with the following mixture: Half a pound each of figs, prunes, and dates cut small; the same of sultana raisins, brown sugar, and chopped apples, with a little spice to flavor; this will not all be needed for one pudding, but can be kept in a jar for use; the fruit is, of course, to be stoned. Roll up and boil from two to three hours according to size.—*N. Y. Observer.*

PUZZLES—NO. 5.

CHARADE.

You'll do my first ere this you guess;
My next's a kind of dwelling;
To be my whole is happiness,
All other joys excelling.

S. MOORE.

Quebec.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

[For the crosswords, fill the blanks, in their order, with a word completing the sense.]

When my *initials*, with my *finals* armed,
Displays his power, full many a heart is charmed;
The ——, for a time, forsakes his school,
And lays —— upon its iron rule;
Now will the poet —— up some old strain,
By which to catch unwary hearts again;
Though, culprit-like, he seek (mayhap in vain)
To prove an —— for his refrain.
—— into mischief by the unseen wight,
The —— of maidens sparkle with delight.

With *finals* armed, will ——, Sue or Kate,
To fix some luckless wight, with pleasure wait?
Nor shed a —— for any cruel dart
That some —— finds in his heart;
To pleas for aid, cries —— and, laughing sprite,
Swift as an —— vanishes from sight.

OMITTED RHYMES.

The children in Norfolk, as I have heard say,
Their generous elders are eager to *****;
At the first ray of light on **, **********,
They creep through the hall, and lift up the latch,
And shout, "Good morrow *******!"
Reply, "A present, sure, is thine."
But they must rise early, or spoil all their fun,
And be ********, which means to be *****
by the ***.

THREE EARS A DAY.

A box has nine ears of corn in it. A squirrel carries out three ears each day and it takes him nine days to carry out the corn. Explain this.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 3.

ENIGMA.—Madagascar.

SQUARE WORD.

F A M E
A R E A
M E W S
E A S T

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 4.

ENIGMATICAL REBUS.—Live, evil, vile, file, Eli, Ile, I.

A
A P E
A P P L E
E L I
E

A RIDDLE.—A broom.

THE RULER OF MY HOUSE.

Your old-time King (unhappy thing!)
Sat on his throne of gold;
Or had the gout, and flung about
Just like a common scold.

But my King of three, may you please to see,
Is the ruler of me and my house,
Where, happy and gay, he rules all the day,
And then goes to sleep like a mouse.

Your King of old, in crown of gold,
Uneasily slept, I hear;
He found his globe and royal robe
Right weighty cares, I fear.

But this King of mine is always fine
In his crown of rich golden hair,
And an easier throne has he for his own
In an easy old great arm'd chair.

His globe is a ball cross-topped with a doll,
And his sceptre a jump-Jacko,
That well over all, to great and to small,
Bright happy boy-pranks may show,
You know—
Bright happy boy-pranks do show.

—*Alfred Brennan, in Harper's Young People.*

PEARL'S THANK-OFFERING.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Pearl Estabrook sat in her own little room, with books and work around her, and a cloud on her brow. It was a very pretty little room, and Maggie Dunning across the way, who was obliged to share her chamber with her riotous twin sisters, thought that Pearl ought to enjoy herself very much in her freedom from interruption. Poor Maggie had only one-third of the bureau drawers, one-third of the closet, and hardly one-third of the remainder of the apartment; for Maude and Mary were always losing their shoes and stockings, pencils and books under Maggie's bed, and dressing their dolls on it, and as for a quiet time to study or sew, she had long ago given up all hopes of that.

But it was not with Maggie Dunning that Pearl Estabrook compared herself on the bright spring morning when discontent had driven every trace of happiness from her heart. Not at all. She was thinking of Rose Malcolm and her beautiful home, and the loveliness of that had made this bare and forlorn in the little girl's eyes. Pearl's windows had pretty cheese-cloth curtains tied back with gay red ribbons, Pearl's bed was covered with a snowy counterpane, Pearl's lounge and easy-chair were softly cushioned, and her mother's own hands had fashioned their tasteful draperies of cretonne. There were geraniums and mignonette in Pearl's flower-pots; and her canary was singing his heart away in a blaze of sunshine, while Pearl, who, in her present mood, felt that his song made her nervous, looked about for something to cover his cage. Had not Rose the most beautiful rugs on her polished floor, the most elegant portieres, where Pearl, poor child! had only doors; was not the quilt on Rose's couch a wonderful combination of silk and lace, the whitest lace over the pinkest silk; and, crowning touch, had not Rose a low bookcase and an inlaid cabinet, the very thought of which made Pearl turn angrily from her old-fashioned swinging shelf on the wall, and her time-worn mahogany desk?

There is no great harm in comparisons, if we compare in the right direction. When we look at somebody who is worse off than ourselves, our feeling is apt to be one of gratitude; but if, on the other hand, we gaze longingly on somebody whose possessions are more abundant and more tasteful than ours, there may come an evil troop of inmates into the soul. God says to each of us, "Thou shalt not covet."

Pearl, to do her justice, tried to study as usual, and to put out of her mind the wish for the bookcase and cabinet. She knew that it would be quite useless to ask her father for them. In the Estabrook household there was enough money for comforts and conveniences, but there was very little for mere luxuries. The Malcolms were people of wealth, and could afford whatever they wished, which was not the case with the Estabrooks. But Pearl had forgotten God's commandment, "Thou shalt not covet." She did covet, with all her strength, Rose Malcolm's beautiful room; and she wanted, with all her heart, the thirty dollars which she had ascertained would purchase a cabinet and bookcase in Smith's store, almost as pretty as those in Rose's room.

"My dear," said Mr. Estabrook to his wife, a few days later, "what ails our Pearl? She goes about so languidly, and takes so little interest in things. I'm afraid she is overtaxed in school."

"Pearl is growing fast, Albert," said the wise mother, who had a suspicion of the true state of affairs, but thought it best to say nothing about it then. She had her own remedy. Little did Pearl dream that mamma had read her heart, when she said one day: "Pearl, dear, would you like to earn thirty dollars, if you could?"

"Oh! wouldn't I, mamma?" exclaimed Pearl, her eyes fairly dancing.

THE RULER OF MY HOUSE.

"I know of a way in which you could do so, if you chose And the money, if you earn it, shall be yours, my love, to spend or to save, or to give away; you shall have it absolutely for your own. But it will be hard work to earn it."

Pearl replied, "I do not care how hard, mamma. I'll do anything honest for thirty dollars."

"Well then, dear, this is the proposal. For one month you will leave home altogether, and stay with Aunt Lauissa Paxton. You will go to school as usual, but you are not even to enter these doors, to sit with us in church, or to have anything to do with us whatever. You are to be Aunt Lauissa's companion, to dress and behave as she wishes, and to be in everything devoted to her. For these services she will pay you the sum she intends giving the young lady who is coming from Europe to be her companion, but who cannot get here until this time next month."

"When am I to go, mother?" asked Pearl.

"Within an hour," replied Mrs. Estabrook. "Aunt Lauissa will send for you, as soon as I have telephoned your decision."

"I shouldn't think you'd wish me to go," said Pearl, very soberly.

"My only wish," said her mother, kissing her, "is your happiness, Pearl. I have seen that you wanted some things we could not obtain for you, and this seemed to be a way. Papa and I have talked it over, and we are both willing that you should do this. We shall miss our girlie, but we will try to spare her."

Mamma was too kind to say that their girlie had for some weeks past been anything rather than a comfort.

Now, strange to say, for some time Pearl had been going about sighing and frowning, and calling her home "perfectly horrid"; but when it came to leaving it, she had many misgivings. She felt a little ill-used, and several times, while packing her satchel, she had half a mind to stay at home, and let the money go.

"You will feed Chico, mamma, and water my flowers?" she said, as she stepped into Aunt Lauissa's old-fashioned coach.

"I will feed Chico, darling, and attend to your plants," said mamma.

Aunt Lauissa received her grand-niece graciously, extending to her the tips of her fingers, and bidding her put her hat and sacque away. They presently had tea, a very formal meal, after which Pearl was allowed to prepare her lessons for the next day in the old lady's presence. At nine o'clock she was dismissed to bed, and a maid was sent to light her candle and take it away. Gas was not burned in Aunt Lauissa's bed-rooms.

As Pearl sank into a fluffy feather-bed, and looked at the solemn four-poster on which it was spread, she wished herself at home, and even shed a few useless tears; but the thought of the thirty dollars consoled her. It was less an alleviation when, next morning, she found herself late at school, because Aunt Lauissa did not breakfast until a quarter of nine, and she was obliged to comb back her crimps because Aunt Lauissa approved only of straight and smooth hair.

And, during the next four weeks, when she was home-sick and heart-aching to see her parents and her baby brother, when she could not go to Rose Malcolm's birthday party, nor run in, as usual, to Maggie Dunning's for a bit of girlish chat, she discovered that money may be very hardly earned. Aunt Lauissa meant to be kind; but she treated fourteen-year-old Pearl as if she were four, and interfered about everything till Pearl was almost wild.

Sunday was the hardest time, however. To sit on the opposite side of the church, and gaze at papa and mamma, to have Aunt Lauissa put forth a warning hand if she so much as moved restlessly in the pew, Pearl felt as if she must fly. Never was time so slow in wearing on.

But everything comes to an end at last. Miss Grey's steamer arrived, and Miss Grey came rolling up with all her boxes to Aunt Lauissa's door. Pearl, her six gold pieces in her tiny purse, did not wait for the carriage, but fairly ran home with the step of a child who could not wait a minute longer.

There were her own bright sunny room, her own mamma, papa, and baby Ted,—Chico in his cage, singing like mad, Maggie Dunning waving greetings from her window, a new book from Rose on her dressing-table.

Did Pearl buy her new desk and bookcase? Not she. That thirty dollars was much too precious to be spent on herself.

"Every cent of this money," she said, "shall be spent as a thank-offering to God for my lovely, beautiful, darling home. I never knew how sweet it was until now."

So five dollars went to the fresh-air fund, five into the foreign missionary and five into the home missionary box, five bought a new Bible for mamma, and ten was put into the Lord's treasury, to be ready for future calls.

And if ever there was a girl who enjoyed her own simple home, after an experience away from it, that girl's name was Pearl Estabrook.—*S.S. Times.*

SOUL-STIRRING FACTS.

Here are three paragraphs on missions, which ought to "stir the soul like a trumpet":—

The fact that the number of converts in China has more than doubled within ten years, and now exceeds 30,000, is proof that Christian work is eminently successful there, and should act as a stimulus to more abundant labors.

The London Missionary Society, with only thirty English missionaries at Madagascar, reports the astounding number of 828 native ordained ministers and 4,395 native preachers, with 61,000 church members and 230,000 "adherents."

We are nearing the close of a century of missions, during which more doors of access have been opened, more missionary organizations formed, more laborers sent forth, more new translations of the Bible made and more copies scattered, more converts gathered from Pagan, Papal, and Moslem communities, more evangelists raised up, and more evangelizing agencies set in motion than during a thousand years preceding.

VOTE FOR YOUR CHOICE.

Twenty-five snakes running through the streets—that's "free whiskey."

Twenty-five snakes gathered into a box, in which twenty-five holes are made by the authority of the court—that's "low license."

Ten of the holes are closed, and the snakes all get out through the other fifteen—that's "high license."

Drive all the snakes over to the next village—that's "local option."

Kill all the snakes in the country—that's "prohibition."

"SO AS BY FIRE."

BY LIZZIE M. WHITTLESEY.

"Girls, I don't see what more we can do, or what good it is to have this prayer-meeting. Ada Strong refuses to come with us, and you know what a strong 'won't' she has," said Annette French, as she, with five others of the Christian Endeavor girls, met in the conference-room.

"More than all that," added Bertha Chase, "Ada's out of town, anyway. She left on the evening train for the Montreal Carnival, and she told me only the last thing, I need never again speak to her on the subject of religion, for she didn't believe in it."

"Well, then, we have the best of proof, girls, that we can accomplish nothing," said earnest Mary Welsh, "and so all the greater need, I think, of our pleading with God for Ada, to-night."

The girls were silenced, as they generally were, by Mary's calm words, and very free from self-confidence were the trusting prayers offered for their friend.

Ada Strong had the doubtful distinction of being "a queer girl." She affected strong-mindedness and a contempt for domestic duties, cultivated a taste for political economy and socialism, and considered religion a matter for discussion rather than acceptance. She was fond of literary pursuits, and when the Society of Christian Endeavor was started in Printon, the girls counted upon her as a valuable associate member. But with her usual imperiousness she had refused to mingle with it in any way, and when special meetings were held had resolutely absented herself from them. But Mary Welsh, the conscientious president, had great faith in the power of prayer, and even Ada's absence seemed to her but an added reason for work in her behalf.

Meantime, while these earnest hearts were interested in her, there seemed, on the crowded train that evening, no one more gay and careless than Ada Strong. Her home now was with an aunt, who had given reluctant consent that Ada should visit the Carnival with a young uncle, a half-brother of her father.

Gaspar Strong was a rising lawyer, a handsome, stylish, smart young fellow of twenty-five, who found in his lively niece, a confidential friend and companion. They were interesting in appearance, she, with her strong, masculine features, and he, with his attentive face and alert, dark eyes. It was a rare pleasure to Ada, for Gaspar was well posted on the leading questions of the day, and it was gratifying to her well-developed self-conceit to have him defer to her opinion concerning the latest strikes and political troubles. They touched upon religion, too, and he aired his not entirely wholesome views on that theme. How little we know, as we ride on so comfortably in our palace-cars, just the sort and quality of the conversational dishes that are being served up all around us!

"I've just been reading a book I think you would appreciate," Gaspar was saying. "There are not many ladies who would have mind enough to understand it. It's entitled, 'God a Myth, or the New light of Evolution.' Read it, if you have an opportunity; it will clear up some things that you, in your isolated life, might not be able to discover. That's the trouble with the country, you have no chance to get ideas of your own, but are expected to take the ready-made ones that may be served out to you by some old maid, like her, for instance."

He pointed slyly to a young lady two seats in front of them, who, ever since the train started, had been intently studying a Sunday School Quarterly, and looking up references in a Testament.

"Now such people take just what is told them for gospel truth. They cling to the unauthenticated record of a Galilean teacher, which may or may not be true, and expect all their companions to follow them."

"But they don't always," Ada hastened to say; and then she told him all about the effort of the Endeavor girls to "drag her in," and how steadily she had refused.

"Glad of it!" approved Gaspar. "It's refreshing to find one girl who has independence enough to hold her ground until she has investigated for herself the truths she is expected to unquestioningly obey," concluded he, with an emphatic snap of the watch he had just consulted.

"What time is it?" inquired Ada.

"Just two," replied he; "we shall be in Woodstock soon."

Several of the passengers who were awake heard the remark, and picked up their bundles; others slept; a few, including the "old maid," continued to read. Ada glanced at her smilingly.

"What a study a passenger-car affords," she observed. I like to watch the different faces, and wonder if I shall ever see them again."

She never heard the answer. Instantly there was a thud, a crash, a sound of breaking rails, and their car was wrenched apart and hurled from the broken bridge, down, down, down. Ada knew she screamed "Gaspar," that his hand touched her once, and then was gone, that shrieks were filling the air, timbers crashing on the ice, stoves overturning, and live coals falling all about her. She was deafened by the roar, and grasped frantically, in her fall, at objects which only crushed her pitilessly on the cold, jagged ice. She tried to move, but, pinioned by a heavy beam, could only shriek. But in that dread chorus of groans, screams and curses, no one noticed or cared for her. Partially stunned, she lay writhing in silent pain, when she caught sight of the lifeless, mangled body of Uncle Gaspar, lying at her feet. Then she burst forth again in a great, despairing cry, dreadful in its agony. Her nearest neighbor was the young woman whom they had dubbed an "old maid." She was firmly held by heavy timbers that had fallen across her breast, and the fierce devouring flames were close upon her. She pleaded for help at first, but as none came, she grew strangely calm, and, when Ada's piercing cry met her ears, she said:

"It's almost over for us both. Do you trust God?"

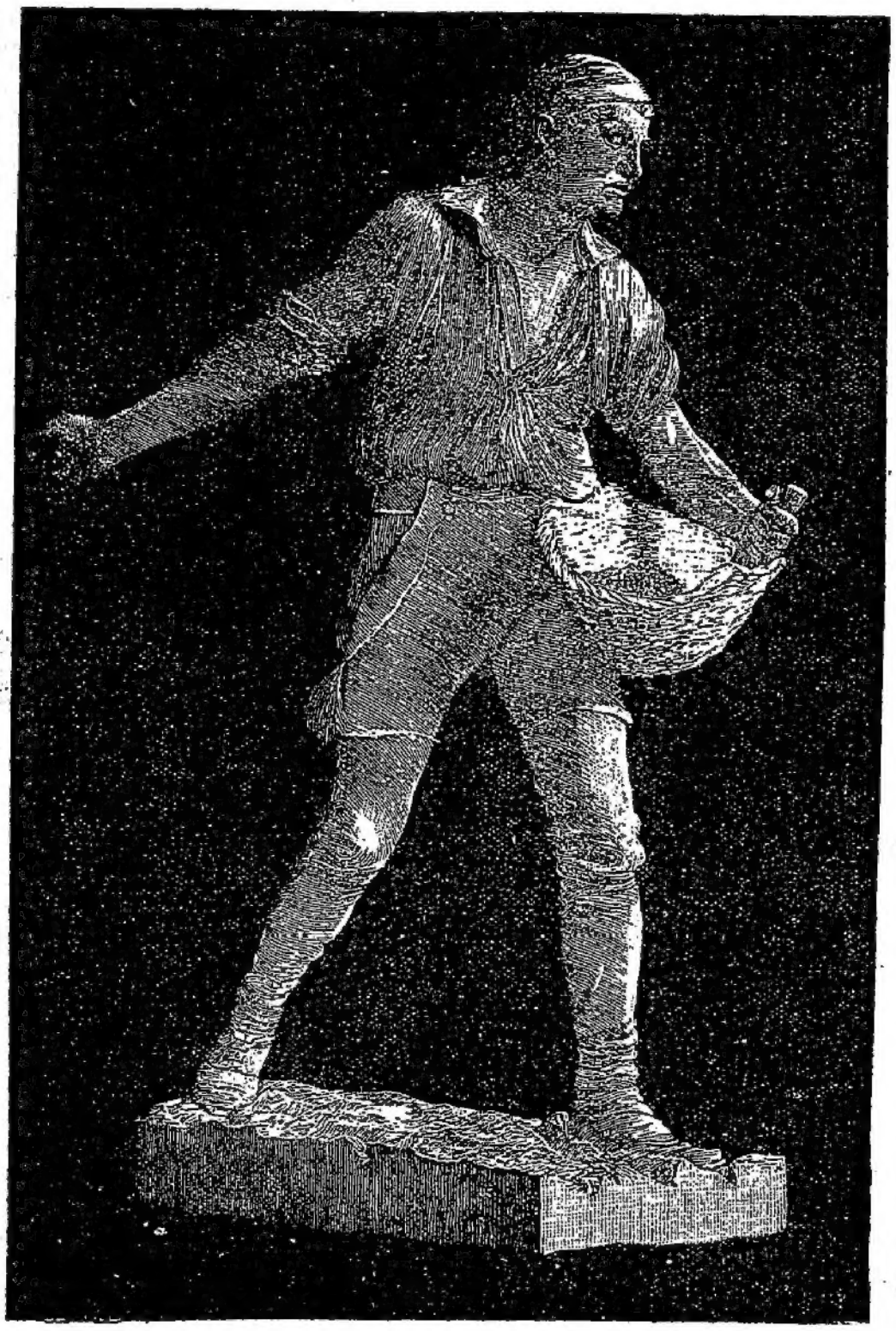
"God?" repeated Ada, scornfully, "can there be a God to permit such awful suffering and death?"

"Don't, oh, don't!" pleaded the other, forgetting the pain and danger in her Christ-like pity for this sister soul. "Put your trust in him. Perhaps it's for that your life is spared."

"Trust him! how can I!" repeated Ada, despairingly.

Life was fast slipping from the earnest Christian by her side.

"Promise me—promise"—she gasped—"that—anyway—you—won't—say—anything—against—Christ—any more."



THE SOWER.

From the Statue, by Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., Royal Academy, 1886.

"Why, I'll promise that," said Ada, awed by the heavenly self-forgetfulness of the other.

"And—you'll—not—think—against—the—blessed—Saviour—promise—that," she pleaded.

"Yes, yes," assented Ada, hesitatingly.

"Then—Lord—bless—her,—receive—me," and with that word the Christian's life-breath went out.

. . . . . .

"Is she waking up?"

"I guess so, yes. Sh!"

Ada, feeling herself slipping, slipping on the hard ice, working her hands to throw off the huge something crushing her down, with a quivering gasp, opened her eyes.

But instead of bleeding, wounded forms and suffering masses of humanity, she saw a cheery, cosy room, a pleasant window through which the sunshine fell on a little girl who sat petting a Maltese cat that was washing its face as if that were the chief end of existence. Instead of the freezing ice beneath, Ada found herself on a warm, soft bed, and in place of agonized faces, there sat beside her a kind, comfortable, homely woman, who now smoothed back Ada's hair with a large, efficient hand, and said, in the same tone that had awakened her, "You're all right now."

Ada closed her eyes with a great restfulness and slept. When she woke again it was evening, and the same good nurse was with her. She brought nourishing food which was so refreshing to the girl, and little by little all the awful events of the accident came back. But with the strange inconsistency of human nature, she made no inquiry for uncle or friends, but her first question was, "Where is that woman who talked to me last night?"

"Last night? wasn't it I?" asked her patient attendant.

"No, no," said Ada, impatiently; "I mean the woman who was so good when I was crushed on that terrible ice!"

"Oh!" said the listener, "she must have died; they said there was a woman near you. But that was two weeks ago, child."

"That girl dead?" persisted Ada. "Why wasn't I taken instead? But there, I promised her I wouldn't say nor even think anything against God."

And Ada Strong would keep her word, for she "took after" her justice-loving father, who had an almost stern regard for his pledged word.

The wise attendant stroked her hair and said, "We couldn't say anything against him, could we?"

She looked up as she spoke to a picture hanging just opposite the bed. It represented the Saviour standing at a close-shut, vine-wreathed door, patiently knocking. Ada, too, looked up, and a peaceful silence fell upon them both.

Prudence Train, whose humble, one-story cottage stood nearest the scene of the fearful disaster, had, with her little niece, cheerfully given up her rooms to the hapless victims. The others had been removed, and Miss Train devoted every minute she could snatch from her dress-making work to her charge, whose illness resulted from fright and exposure rather than from any serious injury.

It was a mystery to selfish Ada Strong why this stranger should give to her so much time and thought. She studied upon it and the picture. Her eyes were fixed upon the latter so much that Prudence, as she brought her supper one night, found courage to say, "Don't you love that face?"

"Oh, it's grand, beautiful, for those who can have his love; but it isn't for me! I've sinned against him too long."

A tender compassion came into the strong, homely face. "Child," Prudence replied, with an inspired directness, "what makes you take this broth when I bring it to you?"

"Why," replied Ada, simply, "because I'm hungry, and—and you're good to me."

"But you didn't at first," persisted Prudence; "for when I used to come in, all those two weeks, you'd tell me to go away, and you'd throw the bowl on the floor, and once you almost threw it at me. But didn't I know you wasn't rightly yourself? And so now I keep on bringing it just the same. Do you suppose that the good Master, that's so much better and tenderer than I be, will stop offering you his love just because, when you wasn't rightly yourself, you told him to go way?"

Ada looked up eagerly, and then, without a word, put the emptied bowl into Prudence's hand. And she, taking the mute sign, went softly out.

But as the good, true woman washed up the dishes, and "stepped lively" about her night work, her heart was pleading, "Dear Jesus, show her thy love."

Way back in Printon the five earnest "Endeavor girls," who had heard of Ada's sad accident, were praying for her in that evening hour, urgently. And in that humble room, resting back on the pillows like a tired child, proud, independent, wilful, disbelieving Ada Strong, with her tearful eyes fixed on the pitying Christ-face, prayed for herself at last.—*Golden Rule.*

THE PYRAMIDS.

BY REV. CHARLES S. NEWHALL.

"Harry, if all goes well this will be one of the white days of our trip. Think of at last climbing the pyramids! A year ago, at home, you had no reason for supposing you would ever see them. They seemed farther away than the moon—which at any rate was in sight; yet here we are ready to mount the two donkeys which have the glory, that they do not appreciate, of being the last of the long succession of our carriers between New Haven and the base of Cheops.

"Come on. There is Hassan striding down the pathway, majestic in black tasselled fez and loose robe of silk, baggy trousers, white stockings, and yellow slippers. He turns out of the way for nobody. He might be owner of a good part of Cairo or the whole of it, or partner of the khedive. See him cuff the donkey-boys. They seem quite in awe of him."

"Good morning, Hassan; why are you so free with your fists?"

"It's the best way, sir. It's the only way to get along with the natives, sir."

"Do you think so? But while you are with us don't be quite so ready to use that method."

"I won't, sir."

Soon they were mounted and off for the Pyramids. Out of the city, across the Nile bridge, westward they went.

They were hardly more than clear of the city, before they saw away in front of them, still and massive and clear cut against the sky, the familiar picture, the original of what they had so often seen in books and on canvas.

Were they disappointed in this distant view of them? Indeed they were!

"O Cousin Will," exclaimed Harry, "I don't know but I would rather never have seen them at all than to have seen them so much less than I anticipated! 'Mountains of rock' indeed! 'wonders of the ages!' I feel as though it were a fraud, as though somebody had been cheating me. Hardly that though. It is more that I feel just sorry and disappointed. Don't you feel so, Cousin Will?"

"Yes, I do. And, yet, when we come to think about it, they must be farther away than they seem to us to be in this clear atmosphere; and if that is so, we can easily understand why they appear now to be so small."

Two hours' ride from Cairo, with frequent interruptions from unrepaired paths, brought the travellers to the foot of the great hills of stone.

A crowd of Arabs flocked around them as they approached, some of them eager to take charge of the donkeys, others as eager to be hired as guides and assistants to the top, others trying to sell little mementoes—seals and charms and idols—which they declared they had found in the tombs, but which more likely were all of English make.

The Arabs were quieted somewhat and induced to give space with the help of Hassan. Hassan they seemed to know well and to look at askance. Plainly, besides having no liking for him, they were rather afraid of him.

The travellers rested a while on their blankets spread over the sand before undertaking the ascent.

"What do you say now, Harry, to the height of the Pyramids?" asked Will, as they lay looking up the more than four hundred and fifty feet of rock stairs that sloped above them.

"I say this is very much more like what I expected, yet it isn't quite all that I hoped for. However, I don't complain. I am satisfied, and I imagine that before we get to the top I will be more than satisfied. It will be like climbing a small mountain. Whew! wouldn't it have been a great place once for sliding down hill when it was covered smoothly from top to bottom with polished stone! I believe I shall be half afraid now of falling, and having not a slide, but a very bumping roll, before we are through. How uneven the steps are, Cousin Will! From two feet to four or five, aren't they? And the color of the rock! I thought it was dark, and instead it is almost white—a sort of cream color."

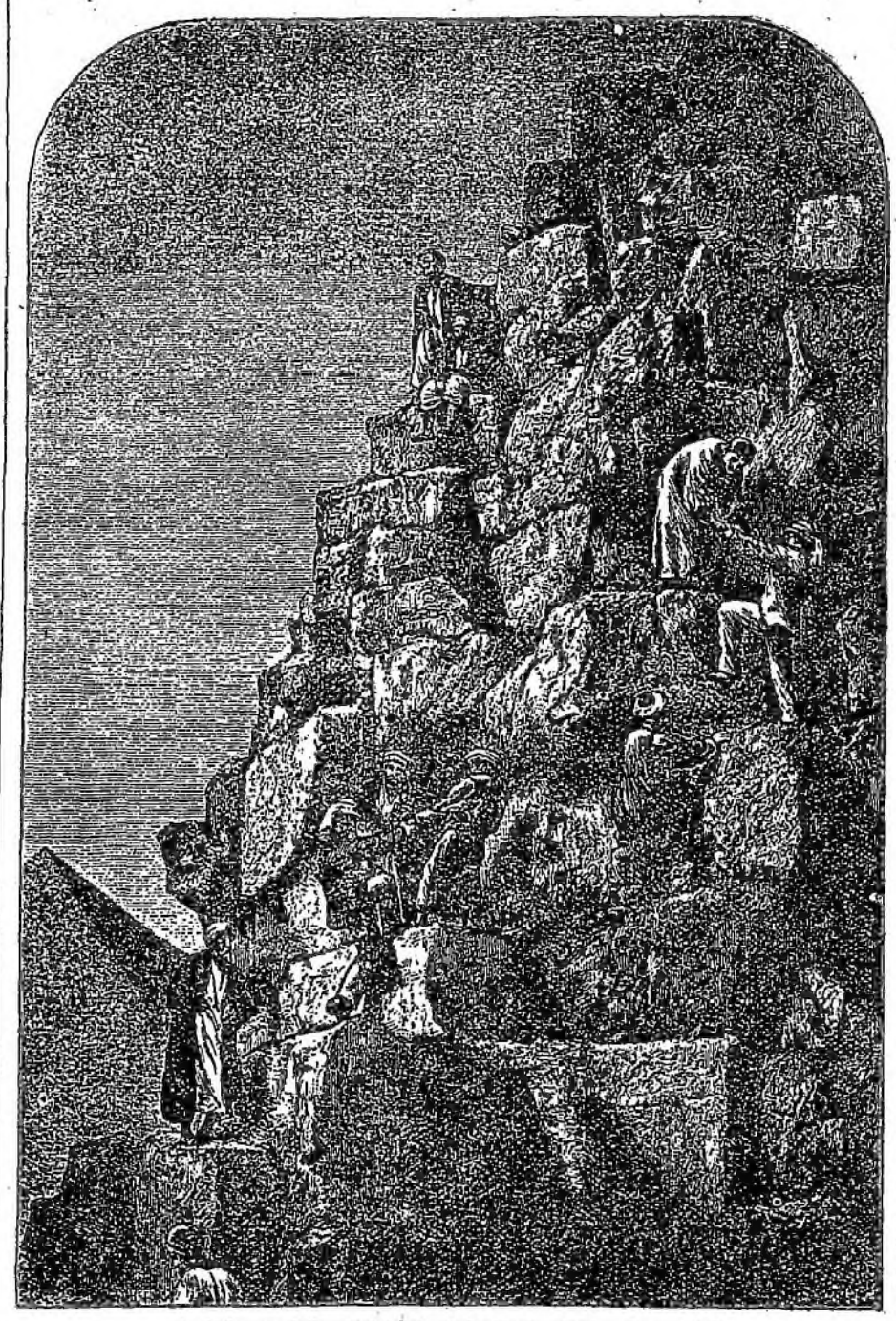
"Yes, it is all made of a light limestone, excepting in places along the passages and in the lining of the inner chambers; there a very hard granite-like rock is used. Well, are you rested? If you are, now for the climb. How much help do you want, Harry?"

"The Arabs seem to think that I want them all. Do you suppose I really need any of them?"

"Indeed you do. We will have two of them apiece. They will help by climbing ahead and then pulling us up step by step. We will dispense with the third fellow who wants to go behind and push.

"Now you four men—you and you and you and you, understand—just you four and no others, are the men we hire; and understand again, only when we are through with you will we pay you. The rest of you can go along if you want the climb, but not one backsheesh will the rest of you get from us."

Nevertheless a good part of the whole tribe did go with them to the very top. It was in the vain hope that their frequent offers of help and of water and of food would at last be appreciated and accepted. Hassan was to stay behind.



CLIMBING THE UNEVEN STEPS OF THE PYRAMIDS.

"Now, Harry, here at this corner is the starting-point. Up we go. Don't hurry, and be sure and stop—don't forget this—be sure and stop, no matter how often, whenever you are in the least out of breath or tired."

It was exciting work—the light-robed Arabs, dark, agile, quick as cats, springing along the easiest places, then reaching down with their bare muscular arms to Will and Harry; a strong clasp of hands; a half step and a half spring; higher and higher! Once as they held him Harry missed his footing. There was hardly a hand's breadth any way to rest upon. As he stepped he lost his balance and swung sharply to the right. It would have been a bad fall, but quick as a flash the Arabs braced back against the wall. They kept their grip on his hands. Another pull, and he was safely up on the broader step at their side.

Half way to the summit they stopped for a long rest. It seemed to them that from this point the pyramid was more awe-inspiring than from any other place. Now there was a great slope below them as well as above them. They were like a little group of ants clinging to a huge wall. Here at last, where they had least expected it, they found that the sense of immensity and grandeur and majesty was all and more than they had ever anticipated.

Presently they were climbing again, and soon they were at the summit. The apex of the pyramid has been broken away. The top now is a roughly-levelled platform a few feet square. Looking down and off from this height the travellers could see their donkeys at the foot of the pyramid like mice and the men like pigmies; they could mark the clear-cut line where the sand curved in and out against the green of the fertile Nile valley. On the one side of them the bare desert stretched away as far as they could see, shining yellow in the sunlight; on the other side were the Nile and Cairo and scattered villages and fertile fields. Close beside them, and rather above their level because of its higher foundation and its unbroken apex, towered the second pyramid. A part of its smooth casing is still in place near the summit.

They talked but little to each other; but when it was time to descend Will said:

"Harry, we ought to be better men for what these Pyramids and the desert and the great Nile valley have been saying to us, better men for what God has been saying to us through them. I have been thinking how—great and old as it all is—it is not as lasting and as grand as are the souls of the millions who have lived and died here, not as lasting and as wonderful as our own souls, Harry. The men that built these huge monuments built up at the same time their own character and destiny, and these will last on when the Pyramids themselves are no more."

"How wonderful! And isn't it just so with us too, Cousin Will?"

"Yes, indeed. And how careful we ought to be to build aright!"

The descent was easy, comparatively, and rapid. They reached the base without mishap. Then, after resting an hour, Will said:

"Now it is time to explore the interior of the pyramid. We will find the 'King's Chamber.'"

They climbed to the entrance in the side of the pyramid, a dark hole opening into the stone. Once probably there was an imposing entrance-way. A narrow passage leads beyond. They crept along carefully, with an Arab in front carrying a dim candle, and a line of Arabs behind. Much of the way they had to stoop as they went under the low ceiling. In one place a shaft, black and deep, opened directly in their path. They could advance only by climbing past it along a narrow shelf at the side.

"Evidently," remarked Harry, "whoever built this did not mean it to be a thoroughfare."

"Indeed they did not," said Will. "They worked hard to hide their inner chambers and to secure them for ever from all possible intrusion. If the pyramids are sepulchres, their builders meant that no intruder should ever find and disturb their embalmed bodies after they were once entombed."

At the very centre of the pyramid the tunnel which they had been following opened suddenly into what in the dimness seemed to be a very lofty and spacious chamber.

"For one franc I illuminate," exclaimed an Arab.

"Illuminate, then," answered Will.

The fellow had picked up somewhere a bit of magnesium. As he touched it with a match, and the light from it flashed out clear and strong, the walls and ceiling of the chamber seemed to approach, as though to shut them in and make an undesired sarcophagus for them all. Really the place is a room some 24 feet long by 17 wide and 19 high, lined smoothly throughout with great blocks of granite-like stone.

The light gleamed brightly for only a few seconds; then the sarcophagus seemed darker than ever. That Arab was a fraud, but the bargain had been made and he received his promised reward.

Near the centre of the chamber, and the only thing in it, is a large block of stone, hollowed and fitted to receive a cover. There have been various theories as to what it is. Probably it is a sarcophagus and once contained the body of the royal builder of the pyramid.

There was nothing to keep them long in this uncanny place. The candle was burning low; the air was heavy with the fumes from the "illumination." They were ready to get outside as soon as possible.

Suddenly there was a light puff. The candle was out. They were in absolute darkness. They could not see an inch before them. Harry had been roaming about the chamber, but just then, fortunately, he was standing near Will. Will clutched him; then they waited.

The silence was as absolute as the darkness.

But in a minute a voice spoke.

"We can't get out. You pay us large backsheesh and we try."

Will's answer was entirely effective. First they heard the sharp double click of his revolver. They easily understood what that meant. Then he said,

"Now, fellows, we don't want any of this. I understand just what you are after, but it is of no use. You think you can frighten us into giving you money, as you frightened the Englishman you had in here the other day. But, as it happens, you are the ones that have most reason to be afraid. Such tricks are not safe play now-a-days. Now light that candle, and be quick about it; it's getting late."

And they were quick. They protested it was all a joke, just for fun; they would do so no more. And during the remainder of the day they were model attendants.

They lingered long about these mighty relics. The shadows from them were stretching far away towards the Nile when at last they called Hassan to bring the donkeys. They mounted and rode away—away from the Pyramids, away from the great, silent Sphinx, away from the clamour of the Arabs. It was their last day in the neighborhood of Cairo.—*From Harry's Trip to the Orient.*

DAN LAVIN SHOWS HOW THE FIRE-SHIPS ATTACKED THE SPANISH FLEET.

DO THY LITTLE—DO IT WELL.

Do thy little—do it well;
Do what right and reason tell,
Do what wrong and sorrow claim—
Conquer sin and cover shame.
Do thy little—do it well;
Do what right and reason tell.

Do thy little; never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind;
Though the men who ought to smile
Mock and taunt thee for a while.
Do thy little—do it well;
Do what right and reason tell.

Do thy little. God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade:
Smallest stars their glory bring;
God employeth everything.
Do thy little—do it well;
Do what right and reason tell.

Then the little thou hast done
Little battles thou hast won,
Little mastories achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne—

These shall crown thy pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed.
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the shining skies.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

(*By Crona Temple in Sunday at Home.*)

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

There was more bell-ringing in Plymouth when the ships came back to the Haven. The "Ark-Raleigh" stayed at the Nore, together with the "Golden Lion," and most of the larger vessels, but the "Little Bear" came beating back against the adverse winds, and on board of her were the Devon and Cornish men who had volunteered for the queen's service. And amongst these were Earle and Dan Lavin.

The "Saucy Susan" was reduced to a few scorched fragments tossing in the tide on the Flanders shores, but Dan had never been so proud to own his sloop as he was to return without her.

"I tell you," he said, when at length he stood again on his own house floor, an admiring audience around him, "I tell you that it was herself, my sloop no less! that very sloop the "Saucy Susan" that first frightened the Dons. They were not beaten till then, not they We had hurried and worried them well, that I don't deny; but there they lay in their flaunting lines waiting for the Prince of Parma. When down the wind in dead of night what should come against them but the "Susan!" A small thing, my masters, say you? aye. But the cargo she carried was large enough to affright Medina and all his men You might recollect the tar and pine that I did not take time to clear out from her hold, when we rushed off in such haste at the heels of the Dons? Well, that remnant of cargo was what did the business! That tar the "Susan" carried, flaring and spluttering, right into the Spanish throats. I crave your patience:—see, it was in this way:—here, we will say, lies the "Armada——"

And Dan ranged a circle of working-men's boots (boots being part of the stock-in-trade of his store) to represent the Duke of Medina's fleet; seized a large tin can for the "Saucy Susan," and half-a-dozen very small porringers for her sister fire-ships, and finally laid a broom-stick in the background which was to stand for the English

"There! a fool might understand the thing," cried he. vigorously pushing on both can and porringers, "what could the Dons do in the face of such an onslaught as that?"

And his listeners, hanging breathless on the tale, watching every movement of the queer collection illustrating his story, look on Lavin himself with a respect they had never before felt for their bustling tradesman. Dan Lavin, shopkeeper and owner of the "Saucy Susan" was as nothing in comparison with Dan Lavin whose sloop, though lost for ever, had taken the first place in the rout of the ships of King Philip, and who had been rewarded for his devotion and thanked by the queen herself in her own palace in London!

And as for Dan's wife and three rosy-cheeked daughters, they held their heads higher to the day of their death on the strength of Dan's share in the defeat of the Great Armada

* * * * *

The news of the return of the Devon men ran through the country like wild-fire. It was not only Mistress Lavin and her daughters that had cause to be proud; other folks living on the shores of Exe had heroes to welcome, and valorous deeds to hear of.

And up on the slope—where the rye was reaped, leaving bare stubble, with here and there a wild pansy, and here and there a struggling poppy-bud, and again a bit of chickweed trailing humbly with its milk-white stars—stood Doris.

It was one of her father's good days; he had been carried into the open air, and lay in the mellow sunshine, his hollow eyes looking as wistfully as Doris's down towards the town.

He knew now how dearly he loved his boy.

He had given him up to danger, to probable death—(for who could imagine that the victory could have been so cheaply purchased, at such small cost of life to England?) And now he was about to welcome him home. Such parting and such meeting times probe to the very depths of human love.

"Doris!"

The girl retraced her steps, and came from the edge of the field to her father's side where he lay, with the late summer flowers making the air sweet above him, and the clematis from the porch swaying its load of blossom above his head.

"Doris, how long is it since he went away?"

"Nine weeks and three days, my father."

"Nay, child, and that cannot, cannot be——"

She blushed as red as the rose-petals beside her.

"You ask of Earle? Of Earle surely ... Barely six weeks, dear father. 'Tis now the end of August, and he left us the day the word came that the Spaniards were in sight."

She had been thinking of her lover, it was not alone for Earle she was watching; it was not only Earle who had carried a bit of her heart with him off in the Lord Admiral's ships.

But it was only Earle that came up the hill in the sharp cruel sunshine that showed so plainly the lad's solitary figure. Was Robert loitering, then? Had he greetings in Exmouth that must come before his greetings to her? Or ... and her cheeks faded from rose-red to lily-white,—or had something terrible happened? Was it that he would never, never come back at all?

It seemed like a dream to her, afterwards, that hour that followed. Earle, so full of joy; with his proud gladheartedness held well in check lest he should again be betrayed into "boasting." Her father with a light in his eyes that she had not seen there for long years, and on his lips deep broken words of thankfulness for his boy's safety and for his country's deliverance. And above them the deep blue of the summer sky spread like a benediction over the world. While murmurs from afar,—snatches of music, the hoarse voice of British cheers, and those untiring bells—spoke of the great chorus of England's rejoicing. Then neighbors came trooping in,—even old Dame Townshend whom nobody had seen walking for ever so long!

And amongst them all Doris stood like one under the spell of a dream. She would have given the dearest thing she possessed to have had power to ask "Where then is Robert Bulteel?" And yet after all it was the possible answer, not the asking of the question that daunted her.

In the midst of all that joyous talk Earle suddenly caught sight of her face. "Selfish wight that I am!" he cried, "I'm keeping your property, Doris, while I talk you all deaf." And he took from his doublet a packet which was tied and sealed very securely, and superscribed "For the dear hands of Mistress Clatworthy, these."

The girl's reading powers were sadly limited; ladies following the example of their learned queen were yet rare in England, and it is said that even Shakespeare's daughter was unable to write her own name! But Doris managed to decipher every word of that letter, notwithstanding.

It was a strange letter.

There was in it just what she longed to know. Her lover lived, and loved her still. When that was plainly to be read it was easy to bear the next words:—he had been wounded almost to death; but he was mending now, under kind care from noble hands whose tendance was greater honor than he deserved.

Doris did not believe that! Her hero had deserved from England the highest and noblest that England could give. Then what did these next lines mean? Had she read them quite rightly?

"There are many things to be learnt through pain, dear-heart. Some truths there are which show more sharply in the valley of the Shadow than they ever do in the careless light of health and prosperity. I have learned something of the meaning of life:—that meaning of which thy father spoke one day, and I failed to grasp the sense of his words. Now, day by day, it grows clearer to me. It is not success, Doris, or possessions, or victory, however great and grand, it is not even duty done that gives a man peace when he lies as I have lain at the threshold of the Dark Door. But a message of Peace reached me there, dimly and in wavering clearness; and when I return to thee, sweet-heart,—if such joy there be yet in store—thou wilt help me to understand it more perfectly; that thy life together with mine may be given to that service which alone is Love and Liberty."

It was no marvel that Doris failed to comprehend such words as these.

They held the secret of all existence, the sum of all knowledge. Our life is our Father's gift, sealed with the Infinite Image, sanctified with the incarnate life of his sinless son. And this life is not to be spent for man's pleasure or gain or glory, but in the service of the Father.

And in that service all duty is enfolded; all love is included; all joy is held. And truest dignity, and highest honor, and widest worth all given to the "meek which inherit the earth."

Not yet could Doris grasp such truth. But it is to the simple and the childlike that such "wisdom" is revealed; and to her simple childlike heart it came at last.

They tell yet on Plymouth Hoe of how the news came of the approach of the Great Armada; and stories yet are handed down amongst the fisher-folk of the sea-fight that was fought off shore. But deeper traces and clearer evidences than any that the weed-grown reef can show exist of the victory won for England in the year 1588. Once and for ever the bonds that would fain have enthralled men's consciences were shattered and cast to the winds. There are open Bibles in every home,—the pure simple English worship of God in every village in the land. It was not only Queen Elizabeth and her people, not only such as Doris Clatworthy and Sir Robert Bulteel that had cause for rejoicing.

And we ourselves, in this free country of ours, have now, at this very day, cause to thank our God for the victory which he helped British hearts and hands to win three hundred years ago.

THE END.

EARLE GIVES DORIS A LETTER.

NOT A DAY TOO SOON.

John Grant knew nothing about salvation when he entered a crowded Mission Hall one Sunday evening.

He had gone in because he saw a crowd going, and because the singing sounded so pleasant. He was a rough miner, but sometimes under a very unpolished surface there beats a warm, true heart; and as John sat and listened to the preacher, and understood for the first time that Jesus Christ had really died for him, actually taken his place, and borne his punishment, a great thrill of gratitude moved him, and tears of deeply-stirred feeling sprang to his eyes. And when the people thronging the building were solemnly asked if they had availed themselves of this great sacrifice, if the question of salvation by Christ was settled for them, a rapid purpose was formed in John's mind.

He was the first to enter the inquiry-room, emphatically saying, "The question is not settled yet, but, please God, it shall be before I leave this room." And it was. He rose from his knees at length, with the "marvellous light" into which he had been led, reflected from his face, and utterance of clear, definite testimony to the Saviour's life-giving power on his lips.

As he was leaving the room, he turned to say to the kind Christian friends who had helped him so much, "Yes, the question is settled now, thank God! and to-morrow morning, when I go down into the mine, I shall take the Lord Jesus with me."

And in the morning he came to the pit's mouth, his whole aspect telling of the new-found joy, entered the cage, and began to descend in the usual manner. But not for long. Something wrong with the machinery, a sudden jerk, a crash, and the body of John Grant lay lifeless hundreds of feet below. He thought to take the Lord Jesus with him down into the gloom and toil of the mine; Jesus, instead, took him up to the glory and rest of heaven. The question was not settled a day too soon.—*A. I.*

GREATEST HUMAN AIDS.

If we were asked what are the two greatest human aids to pulpit power, we should say, self-possession and self-abandonment.—*Paxton Hood.*

PLANT A TREE!

He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree,
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,—
He plants peace.
Under its green curtain jarrings cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,—
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries, in soothe;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots, every year,
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,—
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow, are best;
Hands that bless, are blest;
Plant: Life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

—*Lucy Larcom, in Youth's Companion.*

FRED HARWOOD'S REQUEST.

BY JOSEPHINE L. ROBERTS.

"Going home to spend Sunday, Harwood?"

The young man addressed shook his head with an air of mental disturbance, then answered shortly,

"Can't catch the last train."

"That's too bad, Harwood," replied his companion, sympathetically, for all the clerks in the department knew that Harwood was homesick for the farm which he had left but six months before. "How does that happen?'

"I have some matters which must be attended to after the store closes," responded the other.

"Well, never mind. Cheer up, Harwood!" said his friend, "you've the whole day free to-morrow, and you'll be out on the old place by eight o'clock at the furthest."

"No, Colby," answered Fred Harwood with a quick glance at his companion, "I don't travel on Sundays."

"Travel!" exclaimed Colby, in unfeigned astonishment. "Why, you're only going home!"

"Why, Harwood," joined in the book-keeper, as he looked up from his ledger, "I don't believe in this Sunday rowing of Colby's any more than you do, but I'm going out of town to-morrow myself. I expect to attend three services, and to enjoy them far more than I could in this miserable city. I'm only going to see my friends and to hear the birds sing, and to breathe the pure air. You can't think that there's anything heathenish about that!"

Fred Harwood had one moment of leisure. He spent it in twirling his pencil to and fro, while he looked unusually grave; then turning toward the book-keeper he said firmly, "No—I'm not going."

Fred's decision soon became known to the circle in which he was obliged to move all day, and many were the laughing jests at his expense. He would have liked to silence those troublous words, for he was not careless of his own comfort. Besides, as the day went by the store grew warmer, and it seemed to the country-loving youth that he would be choked by the heavy atmosphere which he breathed. The purity and sweetness of the mountain scenery hovered before his mental vision, and made the heat and dust and all the small discomforts of the day yet more annoying. Harwood faltered. In going home he would not face a grieved father or mother; he reflected sadly that neither parent would be troubled by a desecration of the sacred day. The reasoning of his companions as they undertook to argue the matter had a plausible sound, and tended to confuse his views of right and wrong. And Harwood saw that day so many mean and sordid ways of looking at various subjects. They dimmed his perception of heavenly things. Was his action upon this point really of so much consequence?

"That's a young man of principle," said an elderly clerk to himself, as he brushed past Fred Harwood at the close of the day's ordeal.

The latter went slowly to do the errands which he had on hand. Home pictures still kept coming up before his imagination. He could almost see the great green presence of the forest-covered mountain which rose before his mother's door with the cloud of shining pink above, and the deep, blue valley below. He could almost hear the chirp of the scarlet tanager which had built its nest in the wild cherry-tree the summer before, and could breathe the fragrance of unnumbered roses. But the temptation to seek that reality was over.

Nobody knew how nearly Fred Harwood had failed. He would have yielded had it not been for certain words which had dwelt in his mind and heart throughout the day. They were words of petition uttered not long before by one of the deacons of Harwood's church during the hour of the weekly prayer-meeting:

"Keep, we pray Thee, Thy young disciples. Be with them in the time of trouble, of difficulty, of danger. Help and uphold them forever. Deliver them from all discouragements, and may they ever look up and behold Thee, O Thou who art so ready to draw nigh and bless."

Some weeks afterward, in reading a religious paper, Harwood became deeply interested in an account of persecutions among a barbarous tribe who had lately turned to Christianity. His eyes grew dim as he read of faith and patience among a people so ignorant. The article was in a periodical widely read by the denomination to which Harwood belonged, and he went to the weekly prayer-meeting on the following night, expecting to hear many allusions to the fact over which his thoughts were still lingering.

The room was well filled. The singing was hearty and the prayers were earnest. The remarks were pointed. Every one seemed glad to be present. The subject under consideration was brotherly love—yet time passed, and no mention of the suffering foreign brethren was made. Harwood grew restless. Unconsciously he let his eye wander to the clock, which occupied a conspicuous position. It wanted but five minutes of the time for closing. Harwood had never as yet been upon his feet in a public meeting, but he could sit still no longer.

"My friends," he said, "I have not been long among you, but it does not take one long to learn to love this place. I have received your cordial welcome and affectionate sympathy, and the remembrance of your prayers has been an untold help in time of trial. And now I want that help for others.

"We have read this week," he continued, "of a people who have just heard and heartily accepted the word of salvation. Their surroundings are against them in every way; they know but little of the influence of Christian friendship; there is much of blessed truth which has not yet been revealed to them, and they are greatly tried. Their lives are in danger because they have confessed our Lord. Need we forget them because they are so far away—so very far away? Is not their distance from other Christians a strong reason for their wanting our prayers?

"If we knew that our brethren in the adjoining city were persecuted—in danger of losing their lives—how we would pray for them! In every meeting like this they would be most lovingly remembered. Their wants would be clearly realized. We should understand their feelings during the time of waiting for death, and we would pray for them as for ourselves.

"I have tried to put myself in the place of these persecuted people. I have asked myself what it would be to look forward to a speedy execution, knowing that enemies and friends alike were eagerly watching the least expressions of feeling. I should need more than can be put into words. I should want to be kept from evincing any fear—I should want a sweet and restful hope—above all, I should want the sense of communion with Christ. Let us together ask these blessings for our brethren!"

Harwood sat down. It was time for the meeting to close, but the pastor kept his seat at the desk. The faces of the people looked at first astonished, then thoughtful, even sad. After a few moments had passed, the pastor rose, and prayed as even he, in his earnest, humble life, had seldom prayed before. No other words were spoken, and the people went quietly home with new thoughts and new feelings.

The church had long been interested in missions; they had given largely; they had listened eagerly to reports from foreign lands; they had held their missionary assemblies, and had circulated missionary literature. But now their interest became more vivid and more deep, because their prayers were more frequent and earnest, and because their thought of Christ as present with his people was more clear and constant.—*Christian at Work.*

THE DOMINION PRIZE COMPETITION.

Educationists from all parts of the country continue to express their appreciation of the value of the work being done by the publishers of the *Witness* and *Northern Messenger* in connection with this work. The number of stories received has doubled within the last week and we expect that this is but the beginning. The last day for mailing them is March 30, and the prizes will be awarded as soon as possible so that they may be presented at the school closing.

DIFFERENT VIEWS.

OTHER OPINIONS AND HINTS DESIRED.

Our aim is to make the *Northern Messenger* the best paper of its kind in the whole country and to this end we want the help of every one of our readers, for in a multitude of councillors there is wisdom. We receive from time to time many words of commendation and some of fault finding as well, and all are welcome for all are sent with the best of motives, and what we want is not words of flattery, but honest opinions clearly expressed. Below we give a few which we have received in the past few weeks.

DEAR SIR,—I am a little boy eight years old, have taken the *Northern Messenger* since June. I like it very much. This being Saturday, and having no school, I thought I would go around and see if I could get some subscribers for the New Year. I succeeded in getting seven to-day; and I am quite sure I can get more.

PERCY F. DOYLE.

Sherbrooke, Que.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We have been taking your paper the *Northern Messenger* for ten years and could not do without it now. I think it has improved greatly during the past year and will try and get still more subscribers. Wishing you a happy New Year, I remain, your obedient servant,

ALEX. A. CHISHOLM.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to express the sincere pleasure which the *Messenger* has always afforded us, and my earnest wishes for its continued success. Its faultless literary style and high moral tone make it a most desirable publication for young people.

Very truly yours, M. H. VANDERVEER.

New Jersey.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, SIRS,—You will please discontinue the *Messenger* to us as the school has decided against it. It might be due to courtesy in me to say on what grounds this decision was made. We are after a child's paper and such in our humble opinion the *Messenger* in its present form is not. There are many things in it, though interesting in themselves, that the children cannot comprehend, such as Science History, Biography, &c. Wishing you success, I remain, Yours truly.

E. A. QUANTZ.

Ballantrae, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly inform me what you charge for fifty copies of the *Northern Messenger* for one year. They are for our Sunday-school. I regard the *Northern Messenger* as the brightest and best of the many publications, issued for Sunday-schools. It is the *ne plus ultra* of a healthy, instructive paper for juveniles, as free from namby-pambyism as from abstruseness.

ALEX. SCOTT.

We should like to hear from many more who have either words of approval to give, faults to find, or improvements to suggest. Please write to us.

EDITOR "NORTHERN MESSENGER."
Montreal.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their post-office can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

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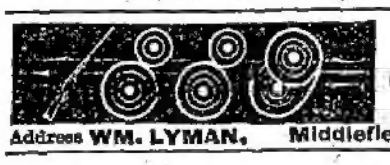
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